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## OUR TRIUMPH.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COUNTERSIGN."

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*Brethren of the Confederate Army:*—I humbly hope and pray that at no very distant day, a triumph glorious and decisive awaits our cause, that gentle peace with all its attendant blessings will smile upon our land, and the lovely sisters liberty and independence will take up their abodes in our midst; then our agony of strife and glory passed, our country purified by her trials and sufferings, made wiser, better and holier by her chastisements, will start afresh in her career, and "like a city set upon a hill," fulfill her God-given mission to exalt in civilization and christianity the nations of the earth.

Then the sword and the musket which you grasped with the stern vow that you would never lay them down until we were free, will be laid aside, and in their stead you will take up the bloodless implements of peace; the clang of the hammer on the anvil; the cheerful noise of the busy shuttle as it flies quickly through the loom, "the plowman talking to his steers," will take the place of the sharp stern notes of command, the drum's furious beat and the shrill scream of the fife; "the watch-dog's honest bark," the hen clucking to her infant brood, the sweet notes of the forest songsters, and all those untold sounds that unite to make the music of *home*, will greet your ears instead of the roar of cannon, the groans and shrieks of wounded and dying comrades.

Then a grateful nation will unite in praising and thanking our noble Lee and Davis, and those gallant spirits who have

led us to victory and independence, and you too shall receive your meed of praise as having assisted in this glorious work. **This may come**; I humbly hope and pray that it may; I believe that it will. But while you may, and I believe and hope you will, share in this triumph of our arms, let me ask if you will share in that glorious triumph which assuredly will come, "for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," when the Church of the living God, new Jerusalem, all of her enemies under her feet, arrayed in her beautiful garments, shakes herself from the dust and goes forth to meet her Deliverer.

Who is to partake of this triumph of our arms? Is it he who though as able to endure as others, yet fought his battles by proxy? Is it he who, when the battle raged, sought to cover his faint heartedness with the surgeon's certificate? Is it he who with a dishonored furlough in his pocket, was at home, when our best and bravest were pouring out their life-blood in defence of our country?

It is for none of these. No; the triumph is for him for whom home had no joys, so long as the foot of the invader pressed our soil, who with the folds of the red cross fluttering over his head, with *Deo Vindice* flapping in his eyes, gave himself to God and his country, and followed where duty led, even should it be to the death. I trust that many who read these pages will feel a heart-thrill as they read these words and exclaim, "Yes, I have done this; I have done my duty." I congratulate you, my friend, my brother Confederate, and could I grasp your hand, with swelling heart, and brimming eye, I would thank you for thus nobly having fought MY battles.

But will you, my friend, suffer a word of exhortation on a subject still more important? Have you also fought the battles of Christ, and will you share in the triumph which awaits his followers? Have you denied yourself all ungodliness and worldly lusts? Have you believed on the Lord Jesus Christ that you might be saved?

Now in order to partake of the triumph of Christ, you must be one of his soldiers. First comes the life of faith, the life of probation and trial, then the life of enjoyment and reward. In order to "lay hold on eternal life," you must "fight the good fight of faith."

Do not complain that you cannot enlist in His service.—He calls you by His Spirit, by His providence, and His word is ever saying, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Above all, let the great central truth of the scriptures, that God, "for his great love wherewith he loved us," "sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins," touch your heart; see Jesus dying, "the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God," and then doubt if you can, God's willingness to save you.

He has sent your chaplains—his recruiting officers—to invite you to enlist in his service. He has had His witnesses among you; Stonewall Jackson yielding up his great soul, exclaiming, "It is all right," while on Malvern's blood-stained hill John Stewart Walker dies with "Duty" upon his lips, and Gregg, and Cobb, and Harrison, their battles all over, have gone to join in the triumph of their great Captain.

My friend, my brother our triumph, when the war is over, will I trust be glorious, but how much more glorious will be the triumph of Christ and of those who partake of it? No tongue can tell, no pencil portray the glory then to be revealed.

We know that once when mortal eyes saw Jesus in glory, his face shone like the sun—that his raiment was white as the light—that so excellent was the glory, so transporting the heavenly happiness which filled each heart, that His disciples said, "It is good for us to be here," that they felt as if they never wished to return to earth again. We know that He has said, "Father I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me." We know that we shall not only see, but also be partakers of that glory, for the scriptures tell us, "We know that when he shall appear we shall be like Him: for we shall see Him as He is." We know too that before an assembled universe the lips of Jesus shall speak words of commendation and praise to us and His hand so gentle yet so strong, so firm yet so tender, His hand once torn by the cruel nail for our sakes, shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.

Confederate soldier, may our Heavenly Father grant, for Christ's sake, that I who write and you who read may partake of this happy triumph.

Oh! God, grant that thy blessing without which all labor is vain, may accompany these lines; may they be a blessing to him who wrote and to those who read them. Blessed Jesus, may the memory of thy dying love, of thy coming triumph which is to be glorious and eternal, constrain men to turn to thee, that they may be partakers thereof. Holy Spirit, shed thy holy and blessed influences on the pages of this little tract, and may it be as a light to many who sit in darkness to bring them to Jesus. And to God, the Father, Son and ever blessed Spirit, shall all the glory be ascribed. Amen.

“I the good fight have fought,”  
O when shall I declare!  
The vict’ry by my Saviour got  
I long with Paul to share.

O may I triumph so,  
When all my warfare’s past;  
And dying find my latest foe  
Under my feet at last.

This blessed word be mine,  
Just as the port is gain’d;  
“Kept by the power of grace divine,  
I have the faith maintained.”

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